



## CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

A peep at Wolf Larsen showed me that he had not moved. A bright thought struck me. I stole into his state room and possessed myself of his revolvers. There were no other weapons, though I thoroughly ransacked the three remaining state-rooms. To make sure, I returned and went through the stateroom and fore-cabin, and in the galley gathered up all the sharp meat and vegetable knives. Then I bethought me of the great yachtman's knife he always carried, and I came to him and spoke to him, first softly, then loudly. He did not move. I bent over and took it from his pocket. I breathed more freely. He had no arms with which to attack me from a distance; while I, armed, could always forestall him should he attempt to grapple me with his terrible gorilla arms.

Filling a coffee pot and frying pan with part of my plunder, and taking some chinaware from the cabin pantry, I left Wolf Larsen lying in the sun and went ashore.

Maud was still asleep. I blew up the embers (we had not yet arranged a winter kitchen) and quite feverishly cooked the breakfast. Toward the end, I heard her moving about within the hut, making her toilet. Just as all was ready and the coffee poured, the door opened and she came forth.

"It's not fair of you," was her greeting. "You are usurping one of my prerogatives. You know you agreed that the cooking should be mine, and—"

"But just this once," I pleaded.

"If you promise not to do it again," she smiled. "Unless, of course, you have grown tired of my poor efforts."

To my delight she never once looked toward the beach, and I maintained the banter with such success that all unconsciously she slipped coffee from the china cup, ate fried evaporated potatoes, and spread marmalade on her biscuit. But it could not last. I saw the surprise that came over her. She had discovered the china plate from which she was eating. She looked over the breakfast, noting detail after detail. Then she looked at me, and her face turned slowly toward the beach.

"Humphrey!" she cried.

The old unnamable terror mounted into her eyes.

"Is he—?" she quavered.

I nodded my head.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

We waited all day for Wolf Larsen to come ashore. It was an intolerable period of anxiety. Each moment one or the other of us cast expectant glances toward the Ghost. But he did not come. He did not even appear on deck.

"Perhaps it is his headache," I said. "I left him lying on the poop. He may be there all night. I think I'll go and see."

Maud looked entreary at me.

"It is all right," I assured her. "I shall take the revolvers. You know I collected every weapon on board."

"But there are his arms, his hands, his terrible, terrible hands!" she objected. And then she cried, "Oh, Humphrey, I am afraid of him! Don't go—please don't go!"

She rested her hand appealingly on mine, and sent my pulse fluttering. My heart was surely in my eyes for a moment. The dear and lovely woman! And she was so much the woman, clinging and appealing, sunshine and dew to my manhood, rooting it deeper and sending through it the sap of a new strength. I was for putting my arm around her, as when in the door of the hut; but I considered, and refrained.

"I shall not take any risks," I said. "I'll merely peep over the bow and see."

She pressed my hand earnestly and let me go. But the space on deck where I had left him lying was vacant. He had evidently gone below. That night we stood alternate watches, one of us sleeping at a time; for there was no telling what Wolf Larsen might do. He was certainly capable of anything.

The next day we waited, and the next, and still he made no sign.

"These headaches of his, these attacks," Maud said, on the afternoon of the fourth day; "perhaps he is ill, very ill. He may be dead."

I waited, smiling inwardly at the woman of her which compelled a solitude for Wolf Larsen, of all creatures. Where was her solitude for me, I thought—for me whom she had been afraid to have merely peep aboard?

She was too subtle not to follow the trend of my silence. And she was as direct as she was subtle.

"You must go aboard, Humphrey, and find out," she said. "And if you want to laugh at me, you have my consent and forgiveness."

I arose obediently and went down the beach.

"Do be careful," she called after me. I waved my arm from the forecastle head and dropped down to the deck.

I took off my shoes and went noiselessly aft in my stocking feet. Care-

tfully descending, I found the cabin deserted. The door to his stateroom was closed. At first I thought of knocking, then I remembered my ostensible errand and resolved to carry it out. Carefully avoiding noise, I lifted the trapdoor in the floor and set it to one side. The slop chest, as well as the provisions, was stored in the lazaretto, and I took advantage of the opportunity to lay in a stock of under-clothing.

As I emerged from the lazaretto I heard sounds in Wolf Larsen's stateroom. I crouched and listened. The doorknob rattled. Furtively, instinctively, I slunk back behind the table and drew and cocked my revolver. The door swung open and he came forth. Never had I seen so profound a despair as that which I saw on his face—the face of Wolf Larsen the fighter, the strong man, the indomitable one. For all the world like a woman wringing her hands, he raised his clenched fists and groaned. One fist unclosed, and the open palm swept across his eyes as though brushing away cobwebs.

"God! God!" he groaned, and the clenched fists were raised again to the infinite despair with which his throat vibrated.

It was horrible. I was trembling all over, and I could feel the shivers running up and down my spine and the sweat standing out on my forehead. Surely there can be little in this world more awful than the spectacle of a strong man in the moment when he is utterly weak and broken.

But Wolf Larsen regained control of himself by an exertion of his remarkable will. And it was exertion. His whole frame shook with the struggle. He caught his breath once or twice and sobbed. Then he was successful. I could have thought him the old Wolf Larsen, and yet there was in his movements a vague suggestion of weakness and indecision. He started for the companionway, and stepped forward quite as I had been accustomed to see him do; and yet again, in his very walk, there seemed that suggestion of weakness and indecision.

I rose swiftly to my feet, and, I know, quite unconsciously assumed a defiant attitude. He took no notice of me. Nor did he notice the open trap. Before I could grasp the situation, or act, he had walked right into the trap. One foot was descending into the opening, while the other foot was just on the verge of beginning the up-lift. But when the descending foot



He Shoved the Slide Part Way Back and Rested His Arms on It.

missed the solid flooring and felt vacancy beneath, it was the old Wolf Larsen and the tiger muscles that made the falling body spring across the opening, even as it fell, so that he struck on his chest and stomach, with arms outstretched, on the floor of the opposite side. The next instant he had drawn up his legs and rolled clear. But he rolled into my marmalade and underclothes and against the trapdoor.

The expression on his face was one of complete comprehension. But before I could guess what he had comprehended, he had dropped the trapdoor into place, closing the lazaretto. Then I understood. He thought he had me inside. Also, he was blind, blind as a bat. I watched him, breathing carefully so that he should not hear me. He stepped quickly to his stateroom. I saw his hand miss the doorknob by an inch, quickly fumble for it, and find it. This was my chance. I tiptoed across the cabin and to the top of the stairs. He came back, dragging a heavy sea chest, which he deposited on top of the trap. Not content with this, he fetched a second chest and placed it on top of the first. Then he gathered up the marmalade and underclothes and put them on the table. When he started up the companionway, I retreated, silently rolling over on top of the cabin.

He shoved the slide part way back and rested his arms on it, his body

still in the companionway. His attitude was of one looking forward the length of the schooner, or staring, rather, for his eyes were fixed and unblinking. I was only five feet away and directly in what should have been his line of vision. It was uncanny. I felt myself a ghost, what of my invisibility. I waved my hand back and forth, of course without effect; but when the moving shadow fell across his face I saw at once that he was susceptible to the impression. His face became more expectant and tense as he tried to analyze and identify the impression.

Giving over his attempt to determine the shadow, he stepped on deck and started forward, walking with a swiftness and confidence which surprised me. And still there was that hint of the feebleness of the blind in his walk. I knew it now for what it was.

To my amused chagrin, he discovered my shoes on the forecastle head and brought them back with him into the galley. I watched him build the fire and set about cooking food for himself; then I stole into the cabin for my marmalade and underclothes, slipped back past the galley, and climbed down to the beach to deliver my barefoot report.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"It's too bad the Ghost has lost her masts. Why, we could sail away in her. Don't you think we could, Humphrey?"

I sprang excitedly to my feet.

"I wonder, I wonder," I repeated, pacing up and down.

Maud's eyes were shining with anticipation as they followed me. She had such faith in me! And the thought of it was so much added power. I remembered Michele's "To man, woman is as the earth was to her legendary son; he has but to fall down and kiss her breast and he is strong again." For the first time I knew the wonderful truth of his words. Why, I was living them. Maud was all this to me, an unfailing source of strength and courage. I had but to look at her, or think of her, and be strong again.

"It can be done, it can be done," I was thinking and asserting aloud. "What men have done, I can do; and if they have never done this before, still I can do it."

"What? for goodness sake," Maud demanded. "Do be merciful. What is it you can do?"

"We can do it," I amended. "Why, nothing else than put the masts back into the Ghost and sail away."

"Humphrey!" she exclaimed. And I felt as proud of my conception as if it were already a fact accomplished.

"But how is it possible to be done?" she asked.

"I don't know," was my answer. "I know only that I am capable of doing anything these days."

I smiled proudly at her—too proudly, for she dropped her eyes and was for the moment silent.

"But there is Captain Larsen," she objected.

"Blind and helpless," I answered promptly, waving him aside as a straw.

"But those terrible hands of his! You know how he leaped across the opening of the lazaretto."

"And you know how I crept about and avoided him," I contended gayly.

"And lost your shoes."

"You'd hardly expect them to avoid Wolf Larsen without my feet inside of them."

We both laughed, and then went seriously to work constructing the plan whereby we were to step the masts of the Ghost and return to the world. Maud stood silently by my side, while I evolved in my mind the contrivance known among sailors as "shears." But, though known to sailors, I invented it there on Endeavor Island. By crossing and lashing the ends of two spars, and then elevating them in the air like an inverted "V," I could get a point above the deck to which to make fast my hoisting tackle. To this hoisting tackle I could, if necessary, attach a second hoisting tackle. And then there was the windlass!

Maud saw that I had achieved a solution and her eyes warmed sympathetically.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Clear that raffle," I answered, pointing to the tangled wreckage overside.

Ah, the decisiveness, the very sound of the words, was good in my ears. "Clear that raffle!" Imagine so salty a phrase on the lips of the Humphrey Van Weyden of a few months gone!

There must have been a touch of the melodramatic in my pose and voice, for Maud smiled. Her sense of humor was really the artist's instinct for proportion.

"I'm sure I've heard it before, somewhere, in books," she murmured gleefully.

I had an instinct for proportion myself, and I collapsed forthwith, descending from the dominant pose of a master of matter to a state of humble confusion which was, to say the least, very miserable.

Her hand leaped out at once to mine.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"No need to be," I gulped. "It does me good. There's too much of the schoolboy in me. All of which is neither here nor there. What we've got to do is actually and literally to clear that raffle. If you'll come with me in the boat, we'll get to work and straighten things out."

"When the toymen clear the raffle with their claspknives in their

teeth," she quoted at me; and for the rest of the afternoon we made merry over our labor.

Her task was to hold the boat in position while I worked at the tangle. And such a tangle—halyards, sheets, guys, downhauls, shrouds, stays, all washed about and back and forth and through, and twined and knotted by the sea. I cut no more than was necessary, and what with passing the long ropes under and around the booms and masts, of unreeving the halyards and sheets, or coiling down in the boat and uncoiling in order to pass through another knot in the bight, I was soon wet to the skin.

The sails did require some cutting, and the canvas, heavy with water, tried my strength severely; but I succeeded before nightfall in getting it all spread out on the beach to dry. We were both very tired when we knocked off for supper, and we had done good work, too, though to the eye it appeared insignificant.

Next morning, with Maud as able assistant, I went into the hold of the Ghost to clear the steps of the mast



The Sound of His Voice Made Maud Quickly Draw Close to Me.

butts. We had no more than begun work when the sound of my knocking and hammering brought Wolf Larsen.

"Hello below!" he cried down the open hatch.

The sound of his voice made Maud quickly draw close to me, as for protection, and she rested one hand on my arm while we parleyed.

"Hello on deck," I replied. "Good morning to you."

"What are you doing down there?" he demanded. "Trying to scuttle my ship for me?"

"Quite the opposite; I'm repairing her," was my answer.

"But what in thunder are you repairing?" There was puzzlement in his voice.

"Why, I'm getting everything ready for restocking the masts," I replied easily, as though it were the simplest project imaginable.

"It seems as though you're standing on your own legs at last, Hump," we heard him say; and then for some time he was silent.

"But I say, Hump," he called down, "you can't do it."

"Oh, yes I can," I retorted. "I'm doing it now."

"But this is my vessel, my particular property. What if I forbid you?"

"You forget," I replied. "You are no longer the biggest bit of the ferment. You were, once, and able to eat me, as you were pleased to phrase it; but there has been a diminishing, and I am now able to eat you. The yeast has grown stale."

He gave a short, disagreeable laugh. "I see you're working my philosophy back on me for all it is worth. But don't make the mistake of underestimating me. For your own good I warn you."

"Since when have you become a philanthropist?" I queried. "Confess, now, in warning me for my own good, that you are very inconsistent."

He ignored my sarcasm, saying, "Suppose I clap the hatch on, now? You won't fool me as you did in the lazaretto."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Horrors at Home.

The football tournament between the teams of Harvard and Yale, recently held in America, had terrible results. It turned into an awful butchery. Of twenty-two participants, seven were so severely injured that they had to be carried from the field in a dying condition. One player had his back broken, another lost an eye, and a third lost a leg. Both teams appeared upon the field with a crowd of ambulances, surgeons, and nurses. Many ladies fainted at the awful cries of the injured players. The indignation of the spectators was powerful, but they were so terrorized that they were afraid to leave the field.

One wonders whether the Munchener Nachrichten, which printed the foregoing in its columns in the year 1893, would have had room for it last fall—New York Tribune.

## Family Pride.

"Our ancestors came over in the Mayflower," proudly announced little Miss Upson of Boston.

"Pshaw, that's nothing," retorted the little miss from Indianapolis. "Our ancestors were the original settlers in the Garden of Eden."

## Varieties of Siamese Rice.

More than forty varieties of rice are cultivated in Siam, one of which ripens in 70 days from planting and others in six months.

## MEMPHIS TROOPS GO TO NASHVILLE

MILITIA COMPANIES, 700 STRONG, DEPART FOR MOBILIZATION CAMP AMID CHEERS.

## READY TO GO TO BORDER

Five Companies of Infantry, Ambulance Corps and Hospital Detachment, With Military Band, Parade Down Main Street.

Memphis.—Memphis smiled through her tears when her soldier boys departed on two special trains for the Tennessee mobilization camp at Nashville to be mustered into the service of the United States for military duty in Mexico.

The guardsmen, some 700 manly young fellows, presented a brave appearance as they swung down Main street in heavy marching order, led by the Memphis Military Band, to entrain at Union depot.

It seems certain now that the Memphis guardsmen will see real service. War may be declared at any hour. Semi-official advice received here by Memphis battalion and company officers were that within a week the Tennessee troops will be speeding toward the international border.

Memphis sent as her first military contingent five companies of infantry, an ambulance corps, hospital detachment and a band. The city stands ready to send others to the front also if a call for volunteers is issued.

Every member of the Memphis contingent has been examined physically by Dr. R. B. Underwood, ranking as major. Dr. Underwood is a member of the United States army reserve medical corps and stands well in army circles. It is believed that his tests will be accepted by the war department.

Memphis military officers were confident that within five days all Tennessee troops will be mustered into regular army service, complete field equipment issued and orders received to proceed to the Mexican border. The guardsmen will pass through Memphis en route to the front.

## THE OLD JACKSON ROUTE.

Difference of Opinion Develops Over Proposed Change of Name.

Nashville.—Ninety-nine years ago Andrew Jackson began the construction of a military highway from Nashville, Tenn., to Madisonville, La. At the present time there is a project to transfer the name of Jackson highway to another route between these two terminal cities. The advocates of the old route make the statement that the rural white population along it is five times as great as the proposed new route, which is 810 miles longer, good testimony to the value of a well-located highway in bringing people into the country traversed by it.

## WOMEN WRITERS MEET.

Suffrage Indorsed and Tennessee History Teaching Favored.

Knoxville.—The Tennessee Woman's Press and Authors' Club, which has been in session at Morristown, elected the following officers:

Mrs. Helen Topping Miller of Morristown, president; Mrs. W. B. Shearon of Nashville, vice president; Mrs. S. B. Allen, Tate Springs, corresponding secretary; Miss Kathleen Randolph of Adams, recording secretary.

By a two-thirds vote the club indorsed equal suffrage. The movement to mark historical spots along the line of the Memphis-Bristol highway was also indorsed.

The club decided to compile and publish a text-book on Tennessee literature. Teaching of the Spanish language in the public schools was also indorsed.

## Alf H. Williams Speaks.

Lawrenceburg.—Alf H. Williams, that prince of boosters, while in town on business, was invited and made an earnest and interesting talk before the Lawrenceburg Commercial Club. He urged commercial activity and glowingly portrayed the influence of organizations of this character. Mr. Williams laid much stress on the nitrate plant the government wishes to locate in some inland community, and appealed to the members to join other clubs now actively engaged in bringing before the authorities the Mussel Shoals site and request its selection for the plant.

## Heavy Rains Cause Damage.

Wartrace.—This section is experiencing serious damages to crops from the heavy rains. Whole fields of wheat covering many acres are reported to have been washed away.

## Equal Suffrage Rally.

Union City.—The Equal Suffrage League here is bestirring itself to encourage interest in the mass meeting called to be held July 3 at the county court house, where competent speakers will address the Ohio county voters on the question of whether a constitutional convention shall be held. Mrs. George Gibbs, Jr., is gathering her forces of the suffrage league together in this vicinity and the ladies have been promised addresses by Mrs. Guildford Dudley and other state officials of the Equal Suffrage League.

## CAMP BEING PREPARED.

Equipment Will Be Complete When Tennessee Troops Mobilize.

Nashville.—Work is being pushed in an effort to get Cumberland Park in sanitary condition for the encampment of the state troops being mobilized for service in Mexico.

When the troops arrive everything at the park will be in readiness. The camp will be equipped in every particular, and within a few hours the troops will be ready to be mustered into the United States army by Capt. W. N. Hughes, Jr., who has been designated as the mustering officer. Capt. Hughes has been notified that in addition to the one train of equipment that has been started from each of the arsenals in Philadelphia, St. Louis and Savannah.

The equipment received from Camp John Sevier, Fountain City, has been unloaded and put in place at the park. There is a detail of 50 men from the Second separate battalion on duty at the park caring for the equipment that has been received and doing general guard duty. The equipment from Camp John Sevier consisted of one car of blankets, tents, kitchen utensils, stoves, lanterns, camp supplies and munition. There were eight flat cars, containing three field ambulances and 24 3,000-pound escort wagons, the equipment of the Third infantry. The three trains which will arrive here from U. S. arsenals consist largely of personal equipment. The shipments will contain clothing, side arms, bedding rolls, haversacks, canteens, etc., of the latest and most improved type, the sort now in use by the regular army.

Gov. Rye has received a telegram from Adj. Gen. Simpson of the eastern division notifying him that the quartermaster at Fort Royal, Va., had been instructed to advertise for bids for animals to be used for this state. The bids are to be sent to the quartermaster at Fort Royal, where they will be opened June 26 at noon.

For the use of the Tennessee troops there will be needed 225 horses and 222 mules, which will have to be delivered immediately. The horses are to be used for officers' mounts and the mules for the ambulances, the escort wagons, and pack mules for the machine guns. The quartermaster department is in charge of Lieut. Ray C. Reeves of Memphis, who has received bids on 5,000 worth of provisions, the first lot to be taken to the camp.

## PRISONERS ESCAPE.

Daughter of Sheriff Keeps Four More From Getting Away.

Trenton.—The presence of mind of Mrs. Lena Taylor, daughter of Sheriff J. W. Davidson, prevented the escape of four prisoners from the jail here, when six other prisoners, negroes, knocked her down, ran over her and escaped. Three of these were soon captured and returned to jail while bloodhounds are in pursuit of the remaining three.

Discovering that they were out of soap while taking a bath, the prisoners notified the sheriff, who went to procure it for them. He neglected to lock the inside door to the cage and after he left the prisoners called for the sheriff's daughter. Thinking the inside door locked, she opened the outside and the prisoners sprang upon her.

## DENTISTS TO MEMPHIS.

Officers Chosen by State Association and 1917 Meet Set.

Knoxville.—Memphis was chosen for the 1917 meeting and the following officers were chosen at the concluding session of the Tennessee State Dental Association: President, Dr. D. M. Cattell, Memphis; first vice president, Dr. C. O. Rhea, Nashville; treasurer, Dr. James Alton, Nashville; corresponding secretary, Dr. Frank Wiggins, Knoxville.

Delegates to the national convention at Louisville in July: Dr. A. R. Melendy, Knoxville, and Dr. J. D. Towne, Memphis.

The attendance reached 150 on the last day and 49 new members were elected at this, the forty-ninth annual meeting.

## RURAL CARRIER SHOOT.

Old Grudge Causes Frank Griffin To Kill Bailey Swaney.

Gallatin.—Near Castalian Springs, Frank Griffin, 35, rural route carrier, shot and killed Bailey Swaney, 25. It is alleged that Swaney snapped a pistol at Griffin. Griffin's bond was fixed at \$2,500. Beyond the fact that it is claimed the trouble grew out of an old grudge, none of the details are fully known.

## Authors' Club Ends Session.

Morristown.—The eighteenth annual convention of the Tennessee Woman's Press and Authors' Club has come to a close after one of the most successful conventions in its history. Eighteen members of the club from various sections of the state were in attendance, besides visitors, and the occasion was one not only of much practical help to the working membership of the club but one of unusual social pleasure.

## Lad Accidentally Shot.

Johnson City.—Stuart Kelley, aged 10 years, accidentally shot Ted Harris, aged 6 or 7, of this place, while the boys were out hunting for a pet squirrel that had strayed away. The Kelley boy had a 22 calibre spst gun. While the wound is considered dangerous young Kelley is doing well.

The net increase in the taxes of Henry county, as provided by the county board of equalization at a recent adjourned session, was \$56,000.